

BY OFFICER JACK CRAWFORD, THE POST COOK.

I'm free to make confession, that I ain't much
much on my day,
For my early education war neglected that
away.

Our officers' effectiveness of prayer as a rule,
I reckon I'm a pupil of the doubtin' Thomas
school.

Our officers to tell an instance that occurred
in '65,
When the hull Platte River country with the
war was alive.

An' instance, whar' a little bit o' rough, im-
promptu prayer

Done the war-men on heat an' hard'some, an' saved
our party's hair.

Thar' was me an' Arizona Bill and Shorty Mar-
tindale,
War sent out on a little scout to find of Spotted
Tail.

An' when we stepped to eat a lunch an' git a
little rest.

Our officers on the back an' trail, an' ran like an
possessed,

An' thar' we war' ten miles from camp, afoot,
an' the war' dead.

Whar' Injuns war' accustomed for to make
things rather hot.

I can't put out my feelin's as we felt war' cool
fear,

But I'll draw it mind, say we felt uneasy like an'
greet.

We held a short discussion, fur to try an' find
out.

To beat the situation, an' to make a safety
play.

An' then came that a question in the Congress of
the land

Never got sich close attention as the one we had
on that day.

We s'arched it fust on this side, then examined
it on that;

But our drawn conclusions seemed to be ex-
ceedin' flat.

An' I calculate our feelin's would be somewhat
flat.

When durin' the discussion, we heard the In-
jun yell!

Thar' come the painted devils, yellin' like a
pack o' bounds,

Their hosses hammerin' the ground with quick,
excited bounds,

An' if ever three poor critters looked into an'
death.

An' thar' was—why, darn it, pardner, we could feel
hazy breathe!

Thar' was a scum book on which to hang a
thread o' hope.

As that land o' Lowlin' demons came a sweep-
in on the slope,

An' we stood thar' dumb an' paralyzed, but like
a beast at bay.

Still Shorty says the solemn-like, "Dogs, sur-
prize we pray."

The idee struck us proper, an' we knelt down in
the sand,

An' turned our anxious faces up toward the
boundless land.

An' I guess no mortal ever heard sich deep an'
earnest prayer.

As the birds of air, in chorus, sent a shoutin'
through the air.

The Injuns shaked in wonder at the strange,
sudden sound.

O' men a talkin' in the air, instead o' shovin'
fight—

Their own Great Spirit camped above
that azure blue.

An' I guess they thought we had communica-
tion with him.

An' thar' they stopped and stared at us, an' we
key up as they say.

Expectin' every minute they would make a
final play,

When they all raised another yell, an' we let
loose o' hope.

A troop o' mounted cavalry come tearin' down
the slope.

They slashed them Injuns right an' left, an'
screamed to cut him.

An' we war' on the lively work with many a
telling shot.

Still those as war' remainin' o' the band in ter-
ror.

An' left the ground all detain' with their dyin'
an' their dead.

Now, I'm free to make confession that I ain't
much on the pray.

But our officers petition saved the party on
that day.

It may be that the Elder, pip in glory didn't
know.

A cursed word we uttered in that manner
strang' an' queer.

But that can't be no disga'in' that, if Shorty
hadn't thought:

O' heavenly reinforcements, we'd a' died thar'
with him.

For the Injuns' will at astonishment at seein' of
us.

Exp' their fingers from our own-knots till the
vague made a play.

-OR,-

THE BITTER AND THE SWEET.

BY MRS. MINA LAWSON.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

There was wild confusion, indeed, in the mansion now; the servants were all busy trying to extinguish the fire; Thomas had dispatched the groom to the city for a physician, and Jeannette's maid was doing all she could for her mistress.

Ray had received a slight shock, and thoughtful Thomas had led him to his room, and was doing all he could for his master, until the doctor came. The servants were all so excited over the strange and sudden appearance of their master that it was some time before they had succeeded in entirely extinguishing the fire.

Everybody had thought Raymond Bristol dead, and it was no wonder that his strange reappearance excited great wonder. Where had he been all this time?

This was the first time he had been seen by any one since the night he started to the city and was stopped in the woods.

The shot that rang through the forest had sent a bullet through Ray's body, but the party that shot him seemed to understand where to send the ball and yet not kill.

It had passed through the right lung and came out of the back just below the shoulder blade. He was immediately carried to Jack Wiler's log house and placed upon a bundle of straw, and at quite a distance from the road to the log house, and Ray was so weak from loss of blood that he could scarcely breathe.

A part of the old log house had recently been partitioned off by iron bars, and now it had the appearance of an underground prison.

Ray was placed behind these bars, where he was kept for those six long months, and during all that time he had not caught a glimpse of the blue sky above. For weeks and weeks Ray lay on that hard bed of straw in the dark, damp underground prison, scarcely able to move hand or foot. Jack Wiler was his only nurse and physician, and whenever Ray would ask any questions he would only receive evasive answers from Jack. Jeannette provided all the medicine for the poor prisoner, and until Ray grew much better old Jack remained in the house much of the time. Finally the wound began to heal, but the patient's continual worry irritated it considerably; he would often grow angry at Jack for not telling him why he was a prisoner there in that horrible place, but Jack would only say:

"I am not your jailer; others are keeping you here; don't worry so, for it does more harm than good; perhaps the day will soon come when I can set you free."

That was all Ray ever succeeded in getting from old Jack.

Time rolled on, and Ray became a perfect skeleton, he scarcely got enough to eat now to keep him alive. Jack never came to the old house except late at night to fill the old greasy lamp, and give the poor prisoner something to eat and a little fresh water.

Four, five, and six months of awful agony were past, and Ray no longer looked like himself, but like a maniac.

The middle of April came at last, and that terrible storm came with it.

The night before the storm Jack did not come, and all the next day poor Ray had nothing to eat but old dry bread and a little water to drink; the old grease lamp had burned entirely out, and now he was in total darkness. The long hours slowly passed by, and yet Jack came not.

"My God! Is he going to leave me here to starve to death? I feel like cursing the day I was born, and everything upon earth, for God has forgotten me, indeed. What will my poor little wife think of my absence, and what is she doing now?"

He would pace up and down that short, narrow cell, and while strange thoughts would fill his mind. He was ever alert for the slightest sound, in the hope that someone was coming to release him. Perhaps it was his Lina that had found out where he was; but his hopes were all in vain. On the night of the storm his heart sank lower and lower, as there now seemed nothing but death before him.

"Hark! What did I hear?"

He pressed his hand to his heart, as if to check its wild throbbing. The noise was nothing but the distant roar of the tempest, and now it became louder and nearer every moment. Ray could now plainly hear the roar and splash of the waves of the angry lake; plainer, still plainer could be heard the roar of the fast approaching storm; the ground under his feet was shaken by the heavy thunder.

"Ah! There is cracking and snapping in the forest, now, as if the earth were being rent to pieces; it becomes louder and fiercer, and suddenly he hears a terrible crashing noise by the side of his dark, gloomy prison; he knows it is a terrible storm, and can plainly hear the trees falling all around him, yet he is unable to escape and flee from that dangerous place.

The terrible crashing noise near the old log house deafened the poor lone prisoner, and for a few moments his senses were so stunned that he could not realize what had happened; he sank down upon the floor of the cell, and buried his face in his slim, bony hands.

By and by he felt the fresh, damp air blowing on him, and looking up he saw that he was a free man; the lightning played about him as he sat there, and the rain beat down upon his face.

A large tree that stood near the corner of the old house had been torn up, roots and all, by the tempest, and had fallen across that end of the house that old Jack had used, and Ray was unhurt; the roof of the cell had been torn off, and the poor prisoner now sat under heaven's dome, a free man, breathing the pure, rain-washed air.

As he raised his face from his hands he plainly saw by the flashes of light just what had happened, and sprang to his feet, clasping his long bony arms over his breast.

"Oh, God, Thou has not forgotten me, and I glory in Thy proof; Thou art my deliverer, and this tempest has unlocked the door of my prison cell; I shall praise Thee all the days of my life. Glory to Thy holy name."

As he stood there his pale thin face raised toward heaven, the thunder roared, while the lightning flashed and the purple blazes played about his feet. He was free now and cared not for wind or rain. By the flashes of lightning he was able to see where to go, and he very soon bade good-by to the old log house.

He could plainly hear the roar and splash of the lake, and went down to the shore.

The waters were tossing about as if they were angry at being thus disturbed, and the waves seemed to try to reach to the clouds, as if to check their mighty force.

Ray knew where he was, for there still stood the large old rock on the coast that he often came and sat by years ago, fishing there by the hour. He was about two miles from home, and he immediately about faced and walked rapidly northward.

His great anxiety to once more see his home and the loved ones there gave him much strength, and before he could quite realize where he was he stood in front of his own mansion.

Oh, what a sight that was as he came up the long front walk, his eyes gazing up at the blue rooms; but there was no sweet face there waiting for him, and no light shone from any . . .

For some reason the great hall door was seldom locked now, and Ray entered as he had always done. All was darkness within the mansion, but he easily found his way up the long stairway by the bright flashes of lightning.

He was shoeless, and made no noise as he passed up those marble steps and through the long hall to his wife's room. He tried to open the door, but it was locked. He rapped again and again but no one opened it, and it was then that he rushed to the alarm-bell and rang it with such force.

Thomas came from his room immediately with a lamp in hand, and as Ray spoke to him he recognized the voice immediately, but poor Tom was so frightened at first that he could not speak.

CHAPTER XXIV.

That fearful storm seemed a bit of fire-brand from heaven—a bit of God's wrath to punish Jeannette Nathan for her many crimes; for, as soon as the lightning had struck the mansion and had prostrated the murderers at her poor victim's feet, it seemed to pass on. The lightning grew less severe and the thunder could only be heard in the distance. The family physician soon arrived at the mansion and found Jeannette in a very dangerous condition.

"It will be almost a miracle if she ever recovers," said the Doctor.

He then went to Ray, but at first sight of him he shrank back, and could not at first realize that the man in front of him was Raymond Bristol. Thomas, who had not left his master, hastily explained matters, so that the Doctor could understand.

Ray had received a heavier shock than he had at first expected, and as yet he was unable to speak. This was indeed a very trying position for the old family doctor to be placed in, for he had his own opinion about Ray's strange disappearance and what lay at the bottom of it all; but he had never said a word to any one about it. For once in that sturdy old man's life he scarcely knew what to say; but as it is mostly better to act than to talk, he immediately went to work. In the course of an hour or so Ray asked, in a very strange voice:

"Doctor, where are my wife and child?"

Tell me all that has happened here in the last six months."

The Doctor winced slightly, and his face paled, but he replied, calmly:

"I do not remember now just where

your wife did so, but she went some place soon after you left us all. I suppose Miss Nathan knows where she is. Your mother has not yet returned from England. But say she has not been very well this winter; but I think she ought to be sent for immediately, for I fear Miss Nathan will never recover from this shock."

"I don't presume any one knows where I have been all this time, and I hardly know myself; but I don't want to talk about it now. How soon did my wife go away after I disappeared?"

"I do not know, I am sure, for she had been gone some time before I knew of it."

"Well, hurry up, Doctor, and get me looking like mortal man again as soon as possible, for I must see Jeannette and know where my little Lina is; for some reason or other I feel very strangely, and I believe there is something wrong."

"Gracious man, that woman must not be disturbed under any consideration for some time; but, ah! Bristol, here is a scar on your chest that looks as if a bullet had made it; how's that?"

The Doctor had been examining Ray's lungs, and by accident saw the scar.

"You are right, for the night of 4th of last November I was shot through the body and I guess it was but a miracle that I lived. I have been a prisoner since then and have never seen the light of day; but there is some strange mystery about it all, and I do not wish to say any more about it at present."

The Doctor thought it prudent to keep quiet, and said no more about the matter. He had relieved Ray of his beard and tangled hair as best he could. It was daylight before the faithful old physician left the mansion, and his mind was full of strange doubts and fancies. Ray soon fell asleep and did not wake up until the afternoon. He was feeling much better, and after dressing as usual, went down to the library. Everything there was just as he had left it six weeks ago. Poor man, little he knew what sorrow was at store for him yet! There was a large pile of letters on his desk, all unopened, and most of them on business. He sat down and began to tear open the envelopes, one by one, and had been reading for some time when the library door opened and Jeannette's maid entered.

"My lady would like to see you, please, sir."

"Very well," and he rose from the chair and followed the maid, little dreaming what lay before him.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Big Dakota Farms.

I have had the curiosity to see one of the big Dakota farms, and went out with John W. Dwight to the famous Dwight Farm, writes a correspondent of the New York Press. The fields on the Dwight farm are each 640 acres in size, a mile square. They are surrounded on every side by roadways, and there are no fences. The roads are supposed to be sixty feet wide, but the fields are plowed right out to the double wagon way of about twenty feet, and thus no land is left to waste. I saw forty-one reapers cutting grain in two of these big fields. The reapers require four or five horses or mules to pull them, and the bundles or sheaves are tied with cord automatically and are tossed one side for shucking. Farming on such a scale is entirely unlike the old ways down East. The grain is stacked in the field, threshed on the ground and hauled in great wagons holding three tons each to the elevators at the nearest railroad stations. The straw is burned.

It rained the day I arrived at the farm, and wheat cutting having just been finished, threshing was suspended and the hands were sent out to plow. They can plow in weather when nothing else can be done. They use wheel plows, drawn by four and five horse teams, and cutting two furrows each of about thirteen inches in width. The soil is a deep black loam, its color alone declaring its richness and fertility. It is plowed to a depth of four or five inches only. I saw twenty-one of those plows being operated in a 640 acre field. Every time the twenty-one plows crossed the field they had plowed under a strip a mile long and about forty-three or forty-four feet wide. It was a great sight. I was driven over the prairie roads, level as asphalt, for eighteen miles, and everywhere outstretched before me was wheat stubble, wheat in shocks or in stacks awaiting threshing. The country to the eye looks as level as a board floor, but as you drive over it it is full of little indentations which mark the course of former streams or winter freshets."

Whistling for Seals.

F. F. Payne, of Toronto, records in the *American Naturalist* an interesting fact which often came under his notice during a prolonged stay at Hudson's Strait. "Here," he says, "the Esquimaux might often be seen lying at full length at the edge of the ice floe, and although no seals could be seen, they persistently whistled in a low note, similar to that often used in calling tame pigeons, or, if words can express my meaning, like a plaintive phew-ew, few, few, the first note being prolonged at least three seconds. There were any seals within hearing distance they were invariably attracted to the spot, and it was amusing to see them lifting themselves as high as possible out of the water and slowly shaking their heads, as though highly delighted with the music."

"Here they would remain for some time, until one, perhaps more venturesome than the rest, would come within striking distance of the Esquimaux who would often change the seal's tone of joy to one of sorrow, the others making off as fast as possible. The whistling had to be continuous, and was more effective if performed by another Esquimaux a short distance back from the one lying motionless at the edge of the ice. I may add that the experiment was often tried by myself with the same result."

Stealing Rogues' Pictures.


The camera that does the work for the rogues' gallery is concealed. The prisoner hangs his head and refuses to look up when asked to do so, or shuts his eyes and distorts his face. The photographer makes a feint with the camera in sight, takes out the plate and exclaims, "Oh, pshaw! that is spoiled!" or words to that effect, and walks hurriedly out of the room. The prisoner raises his head at once and looks pleasant. He has outwitted the photographer. Then the concealed camera gets in its fine work, and the rogue is still more surprised and pleased at being told that he can go.—*Chicago Herald.*

**PEN PICTURE OF A BRUTAL
SCENE IN MADRID.**

The Opening Procession and the Three Acts of a Fight—Ceremonies to be Observed—The Espada's Thrust.

The hour of three has sounded from the cathedral clock at Madrid. The "paseo" is thronged. The nabobs are all out in force. Carriages and pedestrians surged toward the Plaza de Toros. To-day's fight is a benefit for the great cathedral. There are "banderillas de lujo," and Lagartijo, Mazzantini and Guerrita are the espadas, representing respectively the science, elegance and daring of the ring.

We take for our seats barreras de sombra, or those in the shade. Above us rise tier upon tier of seats, and boxes for the luxurious and timid. What a crowd! The stone seats are packed with a throng that laughs, shouts and drinks alternately. Above, the boxes are garlanded with lovely Andalusians in white mantillas, brilliant garments and beflowered tresses. They languidly wave their fans, while each addition to their circle is hailed by the crowd with loud tributes to her charms.




PRESENTING THANKS.

Soon the half hoursounds. The band strikes up, and to its inspiring strains come galloping forth two "alguaciles," men dressed in black and looking like ancient dons. With their plumed hats in hand they pause, and, bowing to the occupants of the President's box, crave permission to begin the sport. They return to the opposite gates. Then a gorgeous sight meets the eye as the portals are opened. First come the black alguaciles on their battled horses, then the three heroes of the hour marching in line some twenty feet apart. Their costumes are flagged with gold. Behind them are their glittering followers, marching in the same open order, the picadores on their sorry nags, bringing up the rear. Behind the procession of those who take part comes spans of mules, three abreast, with tassels and bells and ribbons. Their function is to drag the dead bull from the ring. Like a stream of molten gold and color the actors advance down the centre of the arena. The crowd, with wild enthusiasm, yells as the dazzling train proudly rolls onward toward the President's box. When before it they halt the espadas gravely bow. Their assistants, following suit, disperse to change their satin headgear for the more useful ones of red cheap cloth. An alguacil, deftly catching in his bat the keys hung from the President's box, gallops with them to the bull pen, which is now ready to be opened.

Old Lagartijo is dressed in olive and gold, handsome Luis Mazzantini is in heliotrope and gold, while young Guerrita, not to be outshone, combines the gold with rose color. Each one of these suits has cost a little fortune.

The "picadores" are ready, lance in rest. At the bugle sound breathless expectation holds the crowd. Then from the cavernous gate the bull springs into the dazzling sunlight. Black as midnight, of the famed Moruve herd, with crest erect and nostrils flaming, dazzled by the light and color, he pauses for one brief moment and then charges as swift and straight as an arrow for a picadore. The spearman meets him at the point of his sharp weapon and presses the lance into his neck. By one glorious sweep the bull topples horse and rider into a helpless, struggling heap on the sand.



THE LEAP.

The yellow parterre is red with the horse's blood and his rider lies pinned beneath. The bull seizes his prey and is about to bury his horns into his fallen foe, when between the bull and his helpless victim comes a red cloud. It is the matador's magic cloak. The bull, attracted by the color, plunges madly after it, and coolly playing him, Lagartijo leads the ferocious beast away. Then with a graceful sweep of his mantic, the agile espada stands calmly eyeing the bull, while "¡Folle, maestro! hole!" words of praise, are heard on every side. Again and again the same scene is gone through with, until a troop of horses lie dead on the sand and others with broken limbs have been led away to breathe their last.

The bull, his shoulders bleeding from the cruel steel, charges his fleeing foe again, but he only meets the maddening red "capote" instead of his agile tormentors.

Now one of the ehulos mockingly kneels before the bull's bewildered eyes, now another insultingly smites his face, while yet another scornfully kicks his panting nose. Lagartijo and Guerrita, each holding an opposite corner of the red cape, approach to taunt him, and, bewildered, the bull is at a loss which to attack. These and many other tricks are played, even to the placing of a cap upon his head. For this the joker pays dearly. In an unguarded moment the polished horns make one plunge forward and the

zealous "chulo" is impalled. A low cry of horror runs through the throng as the man's livid, agonized face rises and falls with the bull's tossing head. At last he drops to the ground almost lifeless. He is instantly covered by Mazzanini's mantle, which comes like the wings of a protecting spirit. The bull again leaves his helpless victim for the bit of red color. Thunders of applause greet Luis's successful play and the author kneels in bravado on one knee before the enraged bull himself.

This may not be bravery; it certainly is not cowardice. The unconscious victim of the sport is carried hastily to the hospital and the game goes on. The misadventure is soon forgotten in the excitement of the day and is only recalled when the unfortunate man is later on drawn around the ring, still alive, and reclining in a barouche.

Again the bugle brays, and now the banderillero awaits with banderillas in either hand the critical moment. The bull has seen him and curiously watches his every movement. The sunlight playing on the man's golden embroideries and on the brute's red shoulders and heaving flanks presents a scene that is altogether an interesting one. The crowd is as still as death. Like a flying Mercury the banderillero leaps forward, runs and man and beast meet, and the bull, bellowing with rage, vainly tries to fling off the stinging darts which have been deftly stuck in his shoulders. He charges here, he rushes there, only to be baffled at every point. A second banderillero plays his part and other darts pierce the bull's side. A third then follows, for the etiquette demands that every bull have three pairs of banderillas to adorn his smarting shoulders.

Again the bugle calls, and the great third and last act is to be played. The matador, with blade and cloak in hand, doffs his cap, and mutters this chant:

I toast your worship,
Your noble country,
The people of the place,
And the strangers.

By a graceful sweep of the arm the matador casts his cap behind him and goes forth to battle.


The crowd now prepares for the chief event. The espada's every motion is followed by ten thousand eyes. Warily he approaches the beast his red cloak open in his left hand. The animal charges the red object fiercely, but in vain, for flashing over his horns it flaunts before his puzzled eyes. Now this way, now that, he turns and twists, enraged by this will-o'-the-wisp. Raging, foaming, panting he strives to pierce it with his horns. "¡Holé! maestro, muy bien, muy bien," admirably comments the crowd as with the red mantle the espada makes his various passes in rapid and brilliant succession.

And now the fatal moment has come. The bull stands squarely on his four feet, "cuadrado," they call it. With lowered head he watches the red flag. Legarrito stands sideways to him and raises his keen blade to a level with his eye. He takes aim calmly along the edge of the shining steel. The quivering cape holds the brute's attention. One step forward and the blade is buried to the hilt between the monster's shoulders. A wild yell of enthusiasm bursts from thousands of throats, for the certain thrust has reached the heart, and quivering in every limb the dying brute gazes from reproachful eyes upon his heartless slayers.

"And heavily down with his vast weight he falls
As when uprooted falls a hollow pine
On Erymanthus or Mount Ida's side."

A shower of sombreros fluttered into the ring, but each is deftly flung back again by the proud victor of the fight. Cigars fall like leaves at his feet and are gathered by the subordinate actors in the great national sport. The music plays, "maestro" makes a triumphant circuit of the plaza, bowing to the compliments of the people, while at the crowd's insistence an ear of the bull is presented him as a memento of his skillful stroke. The mule teams then gallop into the arena, with flashing tassels and jingling bells, and quickly the slain are dragged away.

The second bull is a great stupid brute that, enticed from the pen by a waving handkerchief, stands indifferently eyeing the turmoil about him. Mantles are flung in his face, but only arouse him to momentary ire. "¡Fuera! fuera!" (away with him, away), shout the people as he shies at the horses and refuses a contest with the lance. But the President will not order his withdrawal; the beast must remain.



PLACING THE BANDERILLAS.


The picadores have withdrawn the "cholos" take him in hand. He still shows the white feather. And now the crowd, incensed by his pusillanimity, calls for "fuego" (fire). The banderillero takes his darts, armed with firecrackers in either hand, gingerly. With difficulty and most cautiously, for the creature will not charge, these articles of torture are inserted and a barbarous sight follows. The great bull, as each detonation causes new agony in his burned and blackened flesh, bounds bellowing in the air. He charges the nearest "chulo" madly, and that unlucky individual makes for the nearest surrounding fence. Over it he leaps, and after him follows the bull, which is frenzied by the exploding darts. He, too, jumps the fence into the alleyway filled with policemen, bull fighters and hangers-on generally and scatters them in all directions. No one is hurt, and the bull by an ingenious system of gates is again let into the plaza. Still awakened by the "fire" into a realizing sense to the situation he proves a tartar. Fate, however, in the handsome person of Luis, soon lays him low. Again the band plays, the mule bells jingle and the

Orders have been issued by the German Emperor that those members of the aristocracy who have married the daughters of trades-people shall be excluded from the court receptions. This, the Emperor says, is not that he objects to trade, but to the mercenary spirit of those who progress such alliances.

death of the next victim is loudly heralded by a trumpet blast.

Following this each of the espadas kills his second bull. The same ceremony, the same excitement is gone through with. Thus 5000 human beings have been amused, and this thing can and still does flourish in a civilized country in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety.

The poorer classes support a horde of professional and amateur fighters. They are to be met in the streets at every turn. Indeed, their name is legion, and how they manage to live is a mystery. The bull-fighting season only lasts from May to November, and these gentlemen, for they are so considered, have a hard shift of it for the other six months. During this hibernating period the larger portion live by pawning their clothes, which,



TANTALIZING THE BULL.

when the season opens, they redeem with money advanced by their impresarios. The salaries paid them are very large for Spain, and during the season these men live in every sense of the word like princes. They are utterly improvident, however, and love to spend their money lavishly. Most of them are great dandies dress expensively, smoke fine cigars, and always have plenty of money in their pockets. Notwithstanding all this they are as a rule frightfully ignorant, very brutal, intensely thick-skulled. Not over when they are at the top of the profession do they improve mentally. Of course there have been and are exceptions to the rule, but it safe to say that ninety-nine out of every one hundred bull fighters never have even the rudiments of refinement or education.

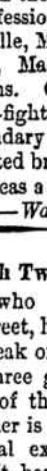
Sunday is the day for bull fights, and there is scarce one in the season that does not witness a professional or amateur performance in Seville, Malaga, Cordova, Granada, Valencia, Madrid and many other Spanish towns. Cattle are bred purely for their bull-fighting merits. Beef and milk are secondary considerations. A good bull of a noted breed fetches from \$200 to \$600, whereas a beef steer only brings \$50 at most.—*Washington Star.*

A Goat With Two Heads.

Fred Beineke, who lives on Berlin street, near Gest street, has in his possession a wonderful freak of nature.

On August 21 three goats were born at his place. Two of them are perfectly natural, but the other is not so fortunate. Its body is natural except the head, which is double. It has four eyes, two mouths, two tongues! Its ears are set back further than usual. While all regularly formed goats have no upper teeth—only a hard gum—this one has a set in the upper jaw of each head, making it have four sets of teeth. In the middle of the two heads there is one eye-socket, with two eyeballs.

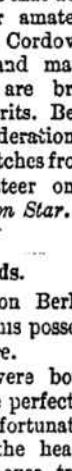
The upper jaws extend nearly one half inch beyond the lower jaws. It seems



to use the jaw on the right side more than the other one, but when one jaw moves the other one also moves. The mouths are so close together that only a partition of gum separates them. The body is larger than the body of either of the other goats, but seems to be weaker, although the goat scampers around about as much as the others.

The strangest thing about it is that the mother actually disowns it, pays no attention to it, and seems to be utterly oblivious to the fact that it is her offspring. The consequence is that Mr. Beineke has to warm milk and let it drink out of a bottle. One thing it seems to delight in is to be fondled and petted, and it will remain perfectly quiet if some one will fan it. When a side view is taken it looks as if there is nothing out of the ordinary in connection with the goat. When it turns, however, its double head toward you the wonderful freak of nature is clearly seen.—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

Wrapped Up in His Profession.



The income derived by French people who rear fowls, according to official returns, is 337,100,000 francs, of which 153,500,000 francs represent the value of the flesh and 183,600,000 francs that of the eggs.

MILTON ON THE USE OF WINES.

"Oh maddest, to think use of strongest
wines
And strongest drinks our chief support
of health,
When God, with these forbidden, made
our food and our dear
His mighty champion, strong above com-
pare,
Whose only drink was from the liquid
brook."

—John Milton.

YES, IT PAYS.

It pays to avoid the appearance of evil.
It pays to let the first glass alone.
It pays to keep the commandments of God.
It pays to guard the heart and the tongue.
It pays to follow the golden rule.
It pays to bruise Satan under your feet—
The Ram's Horn.

A STORY OF GENERAL FISK.

When General Fisk was in command of the military district of St. Louis, he was visited by a Mayor-General, whom he received with two other officers, in the parlor of the hotel. The Mayor-General, at the highest in rank, acted as host, and ringing the bell, ordered four whiskey punches. "Only three, if you please," said General Fisk. "What?" said his superior officer, "you do not refuse to drink?" "No, sir," replied General Fisk, "it would be the first time. Do you advise me to begin?" "No!" God bless you! Long may you live!" exclaimed the gallant soldier, and General Fisk did not drink. This is the story, was not an easy thing to do. The power today no, under such circumstances, argues an unusual and enviable strength of mind and firmness of principle. —W. C. T. U. Bulletin.

REAL ESTATE PROHIBITION.

The number of towns keep clear of the drink curse by prohibitory deeds is rapidly increasing. We have great fear of such towns, and, in consequence, never saw a drunken man until eighteen years old, and then saw him on a Hudson River steamboat. These towns of the West, like the cities of Chicago, propose to try this plan. In every deed is an iron-clad provision that if alcoholic liquors are ever manufactured, sold or given away on any lot within its boundaries, the town shall have the right to take the town is established for manufacturing purposes, being the site of the great steel works which will commence business with \$1,000,000 paid up capital. This is the town and workmen. Other manufacturing plants will be put in there, as their owners are wise enough to know that the absence of saloons increases the efficiency of their employes. —Union Signal.

A MINISTER'S DOWNFALL.

The doors of Bellevue Hospital swung open recently to admit as a patient a shoeless man, who had in a drunken frenzy attempted suicide by jumping over the balcony of the city of Colville by name, educated in this city, was at one time a prosperous pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Overcome and driven by the liquor he had been obliged to leave the church. He was, however, in the subsequent idle and drunken career by his wife, as a dressmaker, until finally threatening her life and chasing her with a loaded revolver. He was finally committed to the care of his children with her. His case, inexpressibly sad for his family and friends, as well as himself, furnishes another striking illustration that even ministers cannot indulge in the use of liquor. It is an added, emphatic object-lesson for total abstinence. —National Temperance Advocate.

LIQUOR IN THE SENATE RESTAURANT.

The editor of the *Christian Statesman*, commenting on the proposed passage of a resolution forbidding the sale and drinking of intoxicants in the United States Senate Restaurant, speaks as follows: "The members of the Senate who have been known to see that it was not a violation of the rules, but the personal habits of Senators as whether the highest legislative body in the nation should continue to sanction the traffic in alcoholic liquors in the Senate Restaurant is patronized by hundreds every day. The fact is, that if every Senator were a total abstainer, there would still be a large and profitable sale of others. The nation is engaged in a struggle with the drink traffic. Some Senators have almost freed themselves from the curse. All the rest of the country is subject to its ravages. The sale of liquor in the nation's capital throws the weight of the example and liquor traffic. It discredits the law in every prohibition State and county, keeps every saloon-keeper in countenance and brings every measure of protection to every saloon. Temperance and the temperance cause are thus that Senators who use intoxicants would not be prevented by this resolution from obtaining them; but its adoption would extend over a small but conspicuous area the law of prohibition and the community would be under the Senate's authority and example to the other side of the line of battle. The resolution, therefore, was right and reasonable and ought to have prevailed. It went over, however, without final action."

INEBRIETY AND ITS CAUSE.

His disease is dawning for the inebriate. A new era commences in the life of the inebriate. A new era in special surroundings is a truth that is spreading slowly and surely in all directions. Not far away in the future inebriety will be regarded as small-pox cases and the inebriate will be treated as a criminal. He will be forced to go into quarantine and be treated for his malady until he recovers. The delusion that he can stop at will because he says so will pass away. Public sentiment will not permit the inebriate to be a chronic drunkard, the army of moderate and periodic drinkers will be forced to disappear, and the saloons which they have supported will close in obedience to a higher law than any law of human enactment.

Public sentiment will realize that every inebriate is not only diseased but dangerous to society, to himself and all his surroundings, and demand legal guardianship and restriction of persons. The inebriate is a danger to society. When these poor victims realize that society will not tolerate their presence or allow them personal liberty in this State, they will seek help and aid before they reach extinction.

This is the teaching of modern science—to check the disease at the beginning, to seize the poor wail on the street and the rich man's son, who are just at the beginning of the disease, and force them into conditions of health and sobriety, to save the one from becoming a prey on society and a burden to the producer and taxpayer, and the other from destroying himself and his family and leaving his wife, misery and sorrow that will continue long after.—*Phrenological Journal*.

TEMPERANCE NEWS AND NOTES.

Great Britain has nearly 2,000,000 children in its Bands of Hope.

The Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Singapore have organized a mission for the benefit of European sailors that visit that port.

An order has been issued by the Superintendent of the Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad, forbidding the sale of intoxicating liquors in hotels located on the company's property.

Sir A. McGregor, the administrator of New Guinea, has taken the following stand on the question of liquor. He has enacted that any one found selling intoxicating liquors to a native shall be liable to a penalty of £20.

Mrs. Haughton, superintendent of work among ranchmen for the Texas W. C. T. U., is working to have each man have a certificate of sobriety. She has a fund and expects to secure not less than three hundred for that purpose during the present year.

The World's Woman's Christian Temperance Union now numbers thirty-three auxiliaries in many different countries and provinces; the latest organization being in Bermuda, where a society was formed last January.

J. A. Ductroff, a contractor of Lincoln, Nebraska, says his monthly pay roll is not less than \$26,000. He pays his men every Saturday night, and from thirty to forty per cent. of his checks come back to him endorsed by saloonkeepers.

A bell, cast recently for the Kharkov (Russia) Cathedral, contains sixty-eight per cent. of pure silver. It weighs 648 English pounds, and its vibrations last several minutes.



TANTALIZING THE BULL.



PRESENTING: THANE



use the jaw on the right side m



by



1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 21. 22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 27. 28. 29. 30. 31. 32. 33. 34. 35. 36. 37. 38. 39. 40. 41. 42. 43. 44. 45. 46. 47. 48. 49. 50. 51. 52. 53. 54. 55. 56. 57. 58. 59. 60. 61. 62. 63. 64. 65. 66. 67. 68. 69. 70. 71. 72. 73. 74. 75. 76. 77. 78. 79. 80. 81. 82. 83. 84. 85. 86. 87. 88. 89. 90. 91. 92. 93. 94. 95. 96. 97. 98. 99. 100. 101. 102. 103. 104. 105. 106. 107. 108. 109. 110. 111. 112. 113. 114. 115. 116. 117. 118. 119. 120. 121. 122. 123. 124. 125. 126. 127. 128. 129. 130. 131. 132. 133. 134. 135. 136. 137. 138. 139. 140. 141. 142. 143. 144. 145. 146. 147. 148. 149. 150. 151. 152. 153. 154. 155. 156. 157. 158. 159. 160. 161. 162. 163. 164. 165. 166. 167. 168. 169. 170. 171. 172. 173. 174. 175. 176. 177. 178. 179. 180. 181. 182. 183. 184. 185. 186. 187. 188. 189. 190. 191. 192. 193. 194. 195. 196. 197. 198. 199. 200. 201. 202. 203. 204. 205. 206. 207. 208. 209. 210. 211. 212. 213. 214. 215. 216. 217. 218. 219. 220. 221. 222. 223. 224. 225. 226. 227. 228. 229. 230. 231. 232. 233. 234. 235. 236. 237. 238. 239. 240. 241. 242. 243. 244. 245. 246. 247. 248. 249. 250. 251. 252. 253. 254. 255. 256. 257. 258. 259. 260. 261. 262. 263. 264. 265. 266. 267. 268. 269. 270. 271. 272. 273. 274. 275. 276. 277. 278. 279. 280. 281. 282. 283. 284. 285. 286. 287. 288. 289. 290. 291. 292. 293. 294. 295. 296. 297. 298. 299. 300. 301. 302. 303. 304. 305. 306. 307. 308. 309. 310. 311. 312. 313. 314. 315. 316. 317. 318. 319. 320. 321. 322. 323. 324. 325. 326. 327. 328. 329. 330. 331. 332. 333. 334. 335. 336. 337. 338. 339. 340. 341. 342. 343. 344. 345. 346. 347. 348. 349. 350. 351. 352. 353. 354. 355. 356. 357. 358. 359. 360. 361. 362. 363. 364. 365. 366. 367. 368. 369. 370. 371. 372. 373. 374. 375. 376. 377. 378. 379. 380. 381. 382. 383. 384. 385. 386. 387. 388. 389. 390. 391. 392. 393. 394. 395. 396. 397. 398. 399. 400. 401. 402. 403. 404. 405. 406. 407. 408. 409. 410. 411. 412. 413. 414. 415. 416. 417. 418. 419. 420. 421. 422. 423. 424. 425. 426. 427. 428. 429. 430. 431. 432. 433. 434. 435. 436. 437. 438. 439. 440. 441. 442. 443. 444. 445. 446. 447. 448. 449. 450. 451. 452. 453. 454. 455. 456. 457. 458. 459. 460. 461. 462. 463. 464. 465. 466. 467. 468. 469. 470. 471. 472. 473. 474. 475. 476. 477. 478. 479. 480. 481. 482. 483. 484. 485. 486. 487. 488. 489. 490. 491. 492. 493. 494. 495. 496. 497. 498. 499. 500. 501. 502. 503. 504. 505. 506. 507. 508. 509. 510. 511. 512. 513. 514. 515. 516. 517. 518. 519. 520. 521. 522. 523. 524. 525. 526. 527. 528. 529. 530. 531. 532. 533. 534. 535. 536. 537. 538. 539. 540. 541. 542. 543. 544. 545. 546. 547. 548. 549. 550. 551. 552. 553. 554. 555. 556. 557. 558. 559. 560. 561. 562. 563. 564. 565. 566. 567. 568. 569. 570. 571. 572. 573. 574. 575. 576. 577. 578. 579. 580. 581. 582. 583. 584. 585. 586. 587. 588. 589. 590. 591. 592. 593. 594. 595. 596. 597. 598. 599. 600. 601. 602. 603. 604. 605. 606. 607. 608. 609. 610. 611. 612. 613. 614. 615. 616. 617. 618. 619. 620. 621. 622. 623. 624. 625. 626. 627. 628. 629. 630. 631. 632. 633. 634. 635. 636. 637. 638. 639. 640. 641. 642. 643. 644. 645. 646. 647. 648. 649. 650. 651. 652. 653. 654. 655. 656. 657. 658. 659. 660. 661. 662. 663. 664. 665. 666. 667. 668. 669. 670. 671. 672. 673. 674. 675. 676. 677. 678. 679. 680. 681. 682. 683. 684. 685. 686. 687. 688. 689. 690. 691. 692. 693. 694. 695. 696. 697. 698. 699. 700. 701. 702. 703. 704. 705. 706. 707. 708. 709. 710. 711. 712. 713. 714. 715. 716. 717. 718. 719. 720. 721. 722. 723. 724. 725. 726. 727. 728. 729. 730. 731. 732. 733. 734. 735. 736. 737. 738. 739. 740. 741. 742. 743. 744. 745. 746. 747. 748. 749. 750. 751. 752. 753. 754. 755. 756. 757. 758. 759. 760. 761. 762. 763. 764. 765. 766. 767. 768. 769. 770. 771. 772. 773. 774. 775. 776. 777. 778. 779. 780. 781. 782. 783. 784. 785. 786. 787. 788. 789. 790. 791. 792. 793. 794. 795. 796. 797. 798. 799. 800. 801. 802. 803. 804. 805. 806. 807. 808. 809. 810. 811. 812. 813. 814. 815. 816. 817. 818. 819. 820. 821. 822. 823. 824. 825. 826. 827. 828. 829. 830. 831. 832. 833. 834. 835. 836. 837. 838. 839. 840. 84

